



## ROSE ATHERTON.

The summer days are coming,  
The blossom decks the bough,  
The bees are gaily humming,  
And the birds are singing now—  
We have had our May-day garlands,  
We have crown'd our May-day Queen,  
With a coronal of roses,  
Set in leaves of brightest green ;  
But her reign is nearly over,  
The spring is on the wane—  
Oh, haste thee, gentle Summer,  
To our pleasant land again.  
The Summer, &c.

The minstrel of the moonlight,  
The love lorn nightingale  
Hath sung his month of music  
To the rose queen of the vale ;  
And what though he be silent,  
As the night comes slowly on—  
We'll have dances on the greensward,  
To sweet music of our own :  
Oh, the summer days are coming,  
And the summer nights more dear.  
Oh, haste thee, gentle summer,  
For there's joy when thou art near.  
The summer, &c.

We'll rise and hail thee early,  
Before the sun hath dried  
The dew drops that will sparkle  
On the green hedge by our side ;  
And when the blaze of noon day  
Glazes upon the thirsty flowers—  
We will seek the welcome covert  
Of our jessamine-shaded bowers ;  
Oh, the summer days are coming,  
And the summer nights more dear,  
Oh, haste thee, gentle summer,  
For there's joy when thou art near.  
The summer, &c.



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